

# The Adventures of Steve

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Summary: Steve is just an average guy in the Blue army trying to stop those rambunctious Reds from destroying the fabric of society. Join him in his endeavors to stop those Red Hooligans from their rampage.

## 1. Chapter 1

Charlie: Err... this really isn't anything more than just over-dramatic accounts of silly things that happen while I play, or while I watch my dorm-mates play the beta. The chapters really have nothing to do with each other... and uhh, I'll randomly add every time I see/do something silly. Yep, so enjoy.

\* \* \*

><span>The Man Cannon<span>

It was a typical day for Steve. The hot alien sun bore down upon him as he manned his station. It had been a slow day, but they would come, like they always did. Those Red hooligans and their fancy buggies. Steve let his finger trace the trigger of his turret. This time though, he would be ready for them.

Soon he heard it, the roar of the Mongoose's engine. They would be here soon, and once they got here, Steve would blast them into pieces. Steve readied his trigger finger as a cloud of dust appeared on the horizon. His breath shortened as adrenaline pumped through his veins. He felt no fear, only a heightened sense of things.

The vehicle carrying those Red clad barbarians drew near. For a split second, Steve's vision blurred, but the man had no time to think. He trained his cross hairs on the advancing vehicle and pushed the trigger.

The turret whirled to life. Round after round of deadly shrapnel flew from the barrel at high speed, racing towards their target... only to

slam into an invisible energy shield mere meters later. Steve gasped in surprise as he realized the blur in his vision was due to nervousness or adrenaline.

Some punk had put a bubble shield around him. He turned around only to feel the butt of an assault rifle smash into his chest plate. Without thinking, Steve wildly swung his portable turret, connecting several times with his target. When he regained his vision, the lifeless body of his assailant lay in a pool of his own blood. For good measure, Steve trained his turret on the body, and released the remainder of the pitiful amount of bullets left in the gun into the body. Cursing his failure, Steve made a quick retreat.

It would be a few minutes later when the command from base was heard. The Red Hooligans were making a retreat. Steve once again stood at his post, this time carrying a standard issue Marine Sniper Rifle. He lifted the gun and pointed it beyond the horizon. From his scope, he could see the Mongoose making it's mad trip backwards. But it would be no use, soon, both the passenger and the driver would be dead, and these silly raids would finally come to an end.

Steve aimed his rifle carefully, his steady hands following the zig zag of the crazy driving. Steve slowly inched to his right to gain a better vantage point. His cross hairs were trained. The amount of lead perfect. He placed his finger on the trigger, waiting for the perfect moment. The Mongoose came into range. Steve stepped over a little more to make sure he doesn't hit the rocks. One step... two steps...

Suddenly, Steve saw his vision rip upwards. His rifle no longer pointed at the Mongoose but the peak of the mountain opposite him. Then he felt the rush of air and his flailing legs, no longer touching the ground. He turned around and saw that one of those blasted Reds had placed a man cannon right where he originally stood. Cursing those trouble makers, Steve tossed his sniper rifle away angrily.

But unfortunately for him, Steve soon found himself approaching a rather hard and unforgiving looking tree trunk. His eyes widened as he braced himself for impact. His lips let out but two words.

"Oh... bugger."

## 2. Chapter 2

The desert sun broiled the landscape as waves of heat visibly rose from the cracked ground. Temperatures are high, ranging from "unbearable" to "how am I still alive?" Any normal human would be roasted by now; any normal elite a mere hide for cowboys.

Steve however, wasn't a normal human. He was a Spartan. An elite killing machine. At least that's what the military called him. Nowadays, being a Spartan was no longer as special as before. The insurgency had risen barely five years after the destruction of the Ark. Now, with drastic advancements to medical and military technology, both the UNSC and the insurgency churned out thousands of Spartans each year, turning the once elite soldiers whose very names brought fear into the ranks of the Covenant, into nothing but a normal Army unit with a level of incompetency as high as any. Spartan

IVs, though with the same training, medical augmentations and equipment as the previous Spartans, was a far cry from the disciplined Spartan IIIs and light years away from the Godlike Spartan IIs. These new Spartans drew from every scum and glory hound known to humanity.

Steve however, was one of the few who were competent. He was a former marine who served alongside the Master Chief during the war against the Covenant. He was at the Ark when the Master Chief ended the war and the threat of the Flood. Granted he was only sixteen at the time and his duties didn't go beyond servicing Assault Rifles, it was still an experience watching the battle, an experience he soon wouldn't forget. Watching the Master Chief taught Steve much about harsh combat.

Unfortunately, that couldn't be said about his squad mates. Steve sighed as two more green dots winked out on his HUD. The lack of red dots on his motion detector told him that the two unfortunate morons probably killed themselves. Oh how the Spartan program has gone to shits.

Steve didn't need to wait for the command center to tell him to investigate. He was already halfway there when the message came over. Seriously, how difficult is it to comprehend that playing with instruments designed to KILL people is NOT a good idea.

The corpses were as Steve expected, charred beyond recognition and bent in odd places. though oddly enough, when Steve checked the nearby weapons, there was a distinct lack of explosive weapons, namely the rocket launcher. Not to mention the ground around them is scoured with numerous black scorch marks.

Steve didn't have to wait long to confirm his theory. Bolts of deadly hot plasma soon rained down on him as he quickly dashed for cover. The blasted Reds have attacked, and by the looks of it, they had banshees.

"Blue Command, this is Spartan K17, we have contact with enemy forces at Sector 3 Sandtrap, requesting back up NOW!"

Steve knew that by the time backup came, it'll probably be too late. Looking up, he was slightly relieved to see only one banshee. Unfortunately, that banshee was flying cover for about 20 Red Army Spartans. And judging by the lack of Pelicans and/or dropships, these bastards must've been on location for a good few hours. God damnit what the fuck is the Spy Sat doing up there?!

Dropping down an anti grav lift, Steve projected himself into the air. He had one shot at this, and his timing must be impeccable. Spartan IVs lacked the reputation for being unkillable, and a fall at this altitude, usually just a light hop for a Spartan II or III, would undoubtedly kill seventy percent of Spartan IVs, provided they were not in the narrow range of genetically acceptable Spartan Program candidates.

Steve himself wasn't in that range, meaning the genetic altercations weren't perfect. He was still tougher than your average marine, but someone like the Master Chief could pound his ass into the ground while sleeping. But Steve was different from the other Spartan IVs. He had experience, he had drive, and he valued his gun more than the

medals on his chest. Reaching up, Steve managed to grab the Banshee by the wing. An older model, left by the Elites after the war as a symbol of peace and a sign of apology. The insurgents probably stole the craft in a raid and now were using it to further their own demented cause.

The Spartan inside the craft was a rookie, probably the first or second time in combat. Unsurprising, considering the number of casualties the insurgents usually face. Steve reached up and hit the manual override for the cockpit and the alien craft split in two, revealing the prone pilot inside. Steve didn't dare use his Assault Rifle, any punctures could set off the craft's plasma chambers. Instead, he grabbed the still dazed pilot and flung him bodily from the craft. After watching the flailing figure fall plummet to the ground, Steve lay prone on the cockpit bed himself and hit the switch for the top shell to close. He gripped the controls, his training coming back to him.

His radio crackled again, but Steve ignored it. He already saw the rest of his squad moving into defensive positions. Unfortunately, they were still vastly outnumbered. Steve swing the banshee and angled in for a strafing run on the insurgent's first line of attack. Below him, soldiers fell one by one as high energy plasma bolts burned through their armor. The new MJOLNIR armor the Spartan IVs wear were ten times cheaper and twenty times more ineffective. The wonders of mass production. Steve shook his head as he barrel rolled and prepped himself for another strafing run. The insurgents hand finally realized that their banshee had been sky jacked and half of them had turned their rifles upwards.

Steve rolled again as a badly aimed rocket shot soared wide right. He circled behind his team and angled down. He saw one of his squad mates on the ground engaged with two insurgents. Steve checked his TEAMBIO readings on his visor. His squad mate's shield was depleting rapidly. Steve sighed, unfortunately, thickheaded glory hounds existed on his side as well. He angled in and pressed the trigger, unleashing sever bolts of energy towards the insurgents.

To his horror, he watched as his teammate, designated Spartan K00, stepped directly into his line of fire. Steve quickly released the trigger and pulled up. He opened his radio frequency.

"Robert, what the hell are you doing? Don't step INTO the plasma."

Robert grunted a sorry over the radio as Steve angled himself for another strafing run. One of the insurgents were down, and the other was evenly matched with Robert. Steve's fingers hovered over the trigger as he waited for the banshee's guns to enter their effective range.

Then without warning, assault rifle shots tore through his right wing, sending him in a spiraling plunge. Steve looked around, wondering where the source of the fire was. He had made sure to angle himself away from most of the insurgents. Was it possible they had more reinforcements? Steve shook his head to refocus himself. He had to get out of the dying banshee.

Prying the canopy open, Steve leaped from the dying craft and landed heavily on his feet, the sand buffeting his fall. Immediately, his

assault rifle was out, searching for the insurgent responsible for the destruction of his craft. To his rather hopeless dismay, he found a few members of his own squad cheering at the destruction of the banshee. Steve slapped a gloved hand to his helmet. He was truly surrounded by idiots.

"So, how does it feel being shot down by your own teammates?" A familiar voice asked from behind him. Steve whirled to see Spartan Kll Joseph, his friend, and possibly the only other competent member of his squad standing there with the Spartan Laser over his shoulder.

"The Master Chief is going to crack some heads back at ONI once he hears about this." Steve grumbled. "Nice laser by the way."

"This is yours." Joe said. "I have another one."

Steve took the laser and checked the charge. The blasted thing had enough for three shots. "And I suppose your laser is at full charge?"

"Hey, you got to play with your banshee." Joe said. "Besides, we just have to kill their commander. They should scatter once he's dead."

"Why'd they attack us in the first place?"

"How long have you been out here on patrol?"

"A week."

"Well, there's a small contingent of Elites here to study the ruins we found. I suppose the insurgents are after them."

"Lovely." Steve said. He strapped the laser to his back. "Well, I'm headed for high ground, lets get this over with before the morons we're forced to share oxygen with do any more self inflicting damage."

Joe nodded and he took off as Steve trekked up the pyramid like structures. His squad mates were useful as cannon fodder, he'll give them that much, but nothing else really.

The pyramid was an odd elongated structure. The flat roof that angled down on both sided offered good cover as well as a vantage point for snipers and mounted cannons. Or in Steve's case, a laser blast. He walked down the length of the first structure to where there's a gap between two nearly identical symmetrical structures. In the gap, Steve could see a small fleet of Warthogs. The insurgents were serious this time. Fortunately, the hogs were still being prepped. From his TACTMAP he could see Joe had taken a similar position from inside the structure, facing the doorway. The commander was in the hall of the second structure. If Steve could create a loud enough diversion, the commander would head towards the chaos, allowing Joe to snipe him literally with the laser.

Steve didn't have to look far for a diversion. Sending a short, single laser beam of communication to Joe, he leveled his laser at the nearest warthog, where two insurgents were busy prepping it, and depressed the trigger. Fish line thin targeting pointers shot from

his weapon as the deadly energy bolt charged to it's full potential.

The warthog never stood a chance. The pit exploded into a level of chaos as ground crew and insurgent Spartans alike scrambled for their weapons and cover. Unfortunately, cover came in the form of other warthogs. Steve quickly charged up for another attack and soon, two warthogs burned in the mid afternoon sun amidst burning corpses and panicking soldiers.

Then Steve saw the blip designated as the enemy commander move, and almost immediately, Steve saw the tracer like targeting pointers of Joe's laser. Moments later, a beam of red, high energy light shot through the facing doors of the pyramid structures. Steve's motion detector went silent as a steadily approaching red blip blinked out. Joe had done it, the insurgents had lost.

Most of the remaining insurgents were now making a hasty retreat, running in a single line, allowing for snipers in his squads to pick them off one at a time. A few hardened soldiers stayed back, fighting to the death. Steve jumped from his vantage point and went to join his friend. But, just as he landed, he found himself face to face with an insurgent Spartan carrying a salvaged Brute gravity hammer. Steve immediately started backpedaling as the Spartan lumbered towards him, determined to take out the UNSC soldier responsible for unraveling the Insurgency's entire plot.

Fortunately for Steve, the man was weighed down by the hammer and thus moved much slower. Unfortunately, his Assault Rifle was jammed. Steve quickly tossed aside the useless gun and pulled out his laser. He had one last shot left. He had to make it count.

The opposing Spartan didn't flinch as the laser started charging, he just started to run faster towards Steve. Steve, prayed as the laser slowly charged. It was only three seconds, but to him, it was quite a few weeks.

Finally, the laser fired. The opposing Spartan's entire upper body melted away, leaving a burned pair of legs falling uselessly into the scorching sand. Steve breathed a sigh of relief. He looked up to see Joe headed towards him, behind him, stood a rather angry looking group of Elites and UNSC technicians holding up what looked like to be a rather destroyed piece of machinery.

It took a moment for Steve to register why the angry group was headed his way.

"Fucking hell..."

He was going to have a fun time explaining to the Colonel why he shot a laser bolt into a rare Forerunner artifact.

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Games: Slayer on Valhalla, VIP on Sandtrap (I combined the games though to make the story flow)

End  
file.